



America's Nightmare (The Worst Thing. In The World. Ever.)

donaldtrump

nightmare

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Chapter 1 by Jay Strider

(Written By My Dear Friend)

Donald panted quickly. Sweat dripped from his brow. A gentle gasp escaped him.

"Oh, Juan, it was a mistake to want to deport you. Please, forgive me," he whispered into into my ear.

"It's okay, President Trump. I forgive you."

He threw me onto the desk in the Oval Office. He kissed me breathlessly; his mouth smelling slightly of fake Mexican food.

"Happy Cinco de Mayo."

I ran my hands through wispy, gentle, infant-like, hay-colored locks. I kissed pumpkin colored lips. His tongue, with all of his idiotic ideas which I so madly loved, slipped into my mouth. I giggled as I did the same.

"I've dreamed of this since you became my head chef. Even though you are an immigrant. When I saw you, I immediately knew, you were the one Mexican that deserved to stay," he said, looking into my eyes.

I leaned my forehead against his.

"Please, call me 'Donny,'" he pushed.

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He pulled his hand toward himself making the buttons of my shirt fly off. He ran his hand down my abdomen.

"Oh, Juan,-"

Vice President Bernie Sanders walked in.

"Oh, sir, I- I'm sorry."

Donald pushed me to the ground. I crawled behind the desk.

"Who was that, sir? My old eyes can't see."

Chapter 2 by Sterling Silver



"Just a friend of mine," Trump said. "What do you need?"

"Ummm... that's right! I'm looking for the head chef. It's time to start preparing lunch," Bernie replied.

"I decide when it's time to start making lunch!" Donald frothed. "You're just the vice president!"

"Okay, sorry sir," Bernie apologized. "I'll just be leaving now."

I made sure that Bernie was long gone before I crawled out from underneath the desk. "Now, where were we?" I asked. "Ah, yes." Trump ran his fingers through my hair and I let out a laugh.

"Why are you laughing, Juan?" Trump questioned.

"I'm just remembering the first time I laid my eyes on you. I couldn't quench my hunger for your body," I said. I watched as Trump began to pull off his articles of clothing one by one. First his suit jacket, then his tie and belt, then his shirt and pants. I did the same.

That was when Trump's wife, Melania, and their son, Barron, walked in the room. And this time they saw me. Melania pulled out two hand pistols and pointed one at me and the other at Trump.

"How could you, Donald? And with this worthless trash? I'm disappointed," she snarled. Then she added, "And you, Juan, I didn't like you from the start. The only reason I kept you was because you made decent food."

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There, lying on the floor, was Barron's lifeless body with two bullet wounds in it.

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